

1780
Trepidantium Malleus Intrepidanter Malleatus

OR THE

West-Country Wife-akers Crack-brain'd

REPRIMAND

(To a Late BOOK, Called,

Mr. KEITH no Presbyterian, nor Quaker, but
GEORGE the APOSTATE)

Hammered about his own Numscul.

BEING A

Joco-Satyrical RETURN,

To a LATE

Tale of a TUB, emitted by a Reverend NON-CON, at present Residing not far from BEDLAM.

By W.C.

Ecclesi. 10. 13. The beginning of the Words of his Mouth is Foolishness: and the end of his Talk is Mischievous Madness.

Gaudeat, & vento Naviget ille suo.

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Stationers-Hall. 1696.

Trepidantium Mallens Intrepidanter Malleatus :

OR THE

West-Country Wise-akers Crack-brain'd
REPRIMAND, &c.

A small picce of neither Logick nor Rhetorick, but (I suppose *ex tempore*) Nonsense, (Entituled, *A Reprimand*, &c.) coming lately to my Hands, has so tickled my Fancy, that I cannot but Laugh at the Conceit, and for my Life know not how to be so Serious as (perhaps) I should be in this return thereto : But I hope I may in some Sense be *Pardonable*, because I can see no Sence therein offered, which may any ways induce me to behave my self otherways than I do, to the Author : who truly hath to a Hair imitated *Asop's* Als clad with a *Lion's* Skin ; for notwithstanding his great bluster, his *Ears* appear through the Disguise, and thereby as well as by his *braying*, discover his *Ass-ship* to be nothing less than what he pretends to. His Ridiculous Scrawl would tempt a Man to believe that his *upper Room* was lately plundered, but that it may be a Question, Whether 'twere ever better furnished ? *Viz.* just as much as a Barbers *Periwig-block* ; for if the Furniture thereof was ever worth the sixteenth part of the Price of his *Reprimand*, *viz.* one Farthing, and he hath not been Robb'd neither, I must conclude that some *Delirious Love-melancholy* has seized his *Pericranion*, infected his Brain, and so perished it, that now there is no more Sence left in it, than there is good Meat in an Addle Egg.

Yet that the Reader may have some Light into this Affair, I shall give him a true state of the Case thus ; Mr. *Keith* having in his *Postscript* to a late Book of his, Entituled, *The Antichrists and Sadducees*, &c. provoked the Learned and Pious, both among the Church of England and the Dissenters, to help him against the *Quakers* ; but comes a doughty Mad-man of the *Geneva* Cut, who takes up the Cudgels, and falls on without Fear or Wit, not only upon the *Quakers*, but even upon the Reverend Divines of the Church of England, in pure Revenge, because forsooth of my Opposing Mr. *Keith* in Two Letters directed to him, supposed by this Gentleman (though without any Crutches to support his lame Crotchets) to be wrote

in Defence of the *Quakers*; which made my *Worship* smile, to think *Bedlam* must set up for a *Nursery of Piety and Learning*. Had my Antagonist been in any degree *Compos Mentis*, and done any thing in earnest against the *Quakers*, though in Defence of such a *Proterus*, as Mr. *Keith*, it would have deserved their notice: Or had he been *Sober and Argumentative*, though misled, in what he saith against our Church, I had been under a sort of Obligation (unless anticipated by my Betters) to have endeavoured his better Information. But as it is, I confess I am more disposed to Banter, than to give a solid Reply, any thing but a *Whip* being ill bestowed upon such a *Curr*. Thus much for the *Prologue*, now to the Pamphlet it self, directing my Speech to the Worthy Author, good Mr. *Trepidantium Malleus*.

And indeed Sir, you run so Forreign from the Matter, (being got loose from the *Mad-house*) that a Man scarce knows where to find you there; but as you traverse the Countreys, a *Hue and Cry* may chance to catch you, and bring you back to your late *Discipline*; such Symptoms at present attending you, as declare you have been upon your *Parole* too long, and have forgot to return home, to receive the Diet and Correction of the House, when your Raving Fits were upon you, to a degree (I fear) now past Cure.

To shew you wherein, I shall now descend to the Particulars of your Pamphlet; for what a Blunderer are you? Who if you ever learnt, have not now forgot; and still can construe, *In ipso limine situbare ominosum est*, may see whether it be not verified upon you with a witness; that you trip in your Title, and do nothing else but stumble, fumble and blunder throughout your whole *Fourpenny* Oracle, that dear bit of a *Groat*. What Mr. Duncce, could you not quote my Title right? You are a hopeful Blade to set up for a *Corrector*! And why a *LIBEL* I pray, any more than the Off-spring of your *Worship's* own sweet Noddle? Your Name's no more *Trepidantium Malleus* than mine is Wicked Cheat, as you play upon the Letters *W. C.* I could give you a touch of *Cato* now, but I will not Affront his Gravity so much, as to throw his Bones to every yelping *Curr*, though I did to Mr. *Keith*, and therefore here's a Sober Rebuke for you in Prose,

Nullum reprehenderis vitii, cujus ipse queas reprehendi.

And now good Brother Libeller, let thee and I shake Hands together, and in Friendship let me ask you one Question, and that is, Who Christned you *Trepidantium Malleus*, since you will not allow of *Sponsors*? p. 11. Or did you upon the Score of your Promotion at *BOX*, fancying your self some great Man, *Pope-like* assume it to your self, and so dropt your old Name? Well, Mr. *Malleus*, come by it how you will, 'tis a thundring Name, enough to strike Terror into any Opponent that may see it, a-

about the middle of your Title Page; upon my Word, it makes a great Figure there: What say you, *Gentlemen*, Were I best to go forward or no? Or were I not best to keep my Head whole while 'tis whole? Lest my Brains be crackt by this doughty Hammer, and I be obliged to go to *Bedlam* too for a Cure. Hang it, I'll venture, perhaps 'tis some noisy Tool or other that won't hold a blow, some Child's Hammer, wooden all over, with a Whistle at the end, and that 'tis that makes all this sound: Hey day, 'tis Addle-headed too, split in two or three places already, the next good blow, it flies all to pieces. This puts me in mind of a Story of an Old Yeoman in the Country, who in his declining Age must needs venture upon a Brisk Young Woman; this Couple having for some time lived together in the Bands of Wedlock, as Luck would have it, the good Woman falls to pieces, and to pieces 'twas with a Vengeance, for she was delivered of two Lusty Boys: Well, News was carried a Field to Old Daddy, the Blade to shew his Activity, cuts Capers, and brags mainly of his Abilities, which being related to the Child-bed Woman, she faintly replies, *If no body could have ——— better than he, he might have gone without either of his Boys.* So Sir say I, if we use no better Hammers than you, or your *Client* either, against the Quakers, we shall never Hammer them into better Manners; and 'tis a long of such high Pretenders, but bungling Performers, they have so long Reigned: For while such Fools as you, think to make Fools of them, they expose you in your proper Colours, and for want of Wiser Mens concerning themselves in the Business, carry off your Hearers.

You begin your *Reprimand*, p. 3. with Expressions of Joy from all Quarters, and as I may so say, from the Four Winds of Heaven for the Conversion (did I say, I wish it prove so) of a Sinner, I mean Mr. Keith's Reformation. You tell me, "I cannot be ignorant how many Learned and Pious Men of all Perswasions, (Episcoparians, Presbyterians, Independents and Anabaptists, both Ministers and People) every where rejoice at the welcome News of *George Keith's* being a Reformed Quaker, and express this on all Occasions, &c. But good Mr. Malleui, how doth it appear that he is Reformed? Did he not separate from the *Presbyterian* Church? Did he not Renounce your Doctrines? Did he not to join himself to the Quakers? Did he not remain amongst them for divers Years, Preach up their Errours, Defend them by Pen against your Ministers, as well as ours? All this I presume you will grant. Then say I, hath he renounced those Errours he formerly held? If you Answer in the Affirmative, shew me when and where. But I profess, you are mistaken: I never read nor understood any thing of this kind, but from your Learned Self: And I think your worthy Friend Mr. Keith doth not deserve your Character as yet. To you I will not Appeal, because your Brains are crackt, but to the Learned of all the Perswasions, you mention, Whether Mr.

Keith hath made amends to our Church, for terming *Prelacy* a *LIAB* of *Antichrist*, which he saith he hath *Vowed to God against*, representing our Ministry, *Ambitious, Lordly, without Zeal for God, &c.* See *Help in time of Need*, p. 37, 39, 47, and *Imm. Rev.* p. 137. To the *Presbyterian Church*, for his Book against Mr. *Alexander of Leith*, called, *Truth's Defense*, and his *Way Cast up*, against the Gentleman who published Mr. *Rutherford's* Letters. And to both *Presbyterians* and *Independents*, for his Book called, *The Presbyterian and Independent Visible Churches, &c.* Or to the *Anabaptists*, for the Concern he had in the Dispute between them and the *Quakers*, wherein he Defended the *Quakers* against them, and bestowed many hard Names upon his Opponents. If he be better informed since, I would Answer him with *St. James*, *Shew me thy Faith without thy Works, and I will shew thee my Faith by my Works*, Chap. 2. Ver. 18. But that which I cannot bear is, That he should now flatter us all round, and yet at the same time maintain, that he is not altered in any one Principle of the Christian Faith for these 33 Years, *Ex. Nar.* p. 15. Is he Sincere in this Assertion, or Hypocritical, say you? If *Sincere*, what have any of us to do with him, he is as much our Adversary as ever, why should we hug him? If *Hypocritical*, then not to be trusted by us, notwithstanding his falling out with his Old Friends. Therefore the Joy of both Ministers and People you speak of are groundless. The Consideration hereof was that which provoked me to detect him. I perceived some of our Ministers Care for him too much, and some of yours seemed to outvie with ours, who should be most fond of him, whilst I as a looker on, saw it neither was now, nor ever was like to prove to any of your Credits. For my part, the Veneration I bear to our Church, induced me to believe her sufficient of her self, by her own Clergy, to maintain her own Cause, without recurring to Mr. Keith for help. And perceiving him to be according to the words of *St. Peter* to *Simon the Sorcerer*, Acts 8. 23. in the *Gall of Bitterness*, I was rather willing it should overflow among the *Quakers*, than among us, concluding if we received him, he would but serve us as the Snake served the Countryman, who in requital of the Fellows kindness of bringing him to the Fireside out of the cold Snow, fell a hissing at him for his pains. Therefore the Reproachful Epithet of *Heterogeneous* bestowed upon me, p. 4. I return upon your self, who meerly for the sake of his Opposition to the *Quakers*, mistrusting the force of your own HAMMER, embrace a Person so unfit to be Entertained by you in the Circumstances he now stands, if you did but rightly consider, and had but Capacity to understand the real and true Interest of your own Church. But I pray God, whatever Men that have no Brains to lose, may suggest, our Church may have better Assurance of *Scotch Fidelity*, before they trust such an Adversary, who would fain creep in with us, to mend his Fortune, and fatten himself with such an Income, as once were like *Onions* and *Garlick* to his squeamish Stomach. And as

it is his Country Fashion to bring Men to the *Stool of Repentance*, before admitted to Membership, after a Revolt, so neither must we take up with a few Sugar-plumb words, while he continues to justify his SCANDALOUS Books published against us.

That "the Author of that unanswerable Piece, called, *The Snake in the Grass*, expresseth his own Heart, AND ALL OURS, in this respect, p. 4. you may say, who care not what you say, but I am confident that *Ingenious Clergyman* (as you call him) will not vouch it for a Truth. Nor do I think, *My Lord of London, my Lord Mayor, &c.* will be much taken with Mr. Keish's late Essays, in Contradiction to his former, upon the bottom he hitherto fixes them, if he make no better Earnings of it, than you do.

Yet as Fools will be meddling, so must you, in what you understand not. Two things you are pleased to assign "G. K's Learned and Serious Vindication of, viz. of an outward Christ Crucified, as the Object of Faith, "and of the Resurrection of the same Numerical Body laid in the Grave. But you shew what Guts you have (I will not say) in your Brains, but in that place where other Men have Brains. For as you are Mr. Keish's Advocate, so it behoveth you to believe he is sincere, and means as he speaks, in a passage before-quoted, viz. *Ex. Nar.* p. 15. where he saith, "I know not any Fundamental Principle, nor indeed any one Principle of "the Christian Faith, that I have varied from to this Day, ever since I "came among the Quakers, which is about 33 Years ago, &c. Now whether he hath varied in no one Principle, let any but one out of *BOX* or *BEDLAM* consider: For instance, Whether he hath not made Christ within (or the Light within, as the Quakers phrase it) the *Object of Faith*, when in his *Help in time of Need*, p. 66. he tells us, "The *Object* or "Thing which is ministred, is Christ the Living and Eternal Word, nigh "in the Heart, &c. Again, If the Lord have required the Heathen and "Kingdoms of the World to call upon his Name, then he hath required "them to believe, as is plain from these words, *How shall they call on him, "in whom they have not believed?* Rom. 10. 4. Psal. 62. 7, 8. 65. 2. And "if he hath required of them to believe, then Christ, (the Name of God) "the *Object of Faith*, the *το πινον* hath been in some measure manifest and "held forth unto them. For which he quotes *Isa.* 45. 22. Rom. 10. 8. *Psal.* 19. 3. See *Universal Grace*, p. 80. compared with *Imm. Rev.* p. 4, 132, 151. written within these 33 Years.

But perhaps Mr. Keish will say (for now I betake my self to him) as he did in his *Advertisement to Antichrists and Sadducees, &c.* p. 44. That "I am ignorant in not understanding the distinction betwixt the *material* "and the *formal Object*, the *Objectum formale quod*, and the *Objectum formale quo*. To which himself shall give Answer out of his Book of *Divine Imm. Rev.* thus, "God thus inwardly enlightning is the *Objectum formale*

"*quo*, i. e. by or for which they principally believe, but the words are "the formal Object *quod*, i. e. which is believed, &c. But if any Contraversion doth here remain, it doth consist rather in Logical subtilty, or "Ambiguous signification of Words and Terms, than in the Truth of the "Thing, or Matter it self, which ought to have NO PLACE among Sober Men, professing the simple and plain Truth of Christ. See p. 50. Which clears me fully, he herein both allowing the *Objectum formale quo*, to the inward Enlightning, though he made a Cavil about it, as above, when pinched with his Contradictions, and declaring such a Logical subtilty, and Ambiguous signification, ought to have no place among Sober Men, professing the simple and plain Truth of Christ. Is it not pity that two Houses should part these Men, who deserve the same Apartment in the Hospital in *Moorfields*?

Nor have I yet done with Mr. *Crack-brains*, with respect to what he delivers as Mr. *Keilh's* Sense of the Resurrection of the same Numerical Body, that was laid in the Grave: For he therein gives Mr. *Keilh's* Sense, contrary to what himself hath given, not only formerly in his *Way Cast up*, p. 131. where speaking of the Resurrection Body, he saith, "It is "NO MORE a Body of Flesh, Blood and Bones, (then not the same Numerical Body, that was laid in the Grave, say I) but even in his Book, called, *Antichrists and Sadducees*, p. 4. where he confirms it, adding, "Flesh and Blood cannot Inherit, &c. And for a more full Demonstration, that this *Numboul* hath mist the Mark, take what Mr. *Keilh* saith, *Truth Advanced*, p. 113. Printed Anno 1694. "The Flesh that is Gross "and Corruptible, is NOT THE FLESH that shall be raised Immortal "and Incorruptible.

What *Rhetorick* my Antagonist learnt in his late Academy, where he took his Degrees, comes up next. I am forsooth a *Heterogeneous Member of the Church of England*, p. 4. and as he supposeth, some Poor Priest hired by the Quakers to do them this piece of Service. Indeed, Mr. *Malleus*, I don't take you to be a Conjurer; but how you come to hit of this so right I can't Devise, yet

Sapè etiam est oliter verba opportuna locum.

You have guess, and for ought you know, hit the mark; you think (no doubt) you have nickt it: Well, supposing it so to be, why main't I take Twenty Pieces as well as Dr. *Stubbe*, I fancy half the Money would Tempt your *Ass-ship* (as Angry as you are with the Quakers) to *unsay* all you have said against them: And perhaps the Reason why you have taken Snuff may be, because they never tried you. Well, I commend 'em, they won't Employ every Fool that wants Work, for that would be the way to set some Men to work against them, meerly upon Expectation of
being

being bought off, but now I think on't, whilst other Men deserve Money for their Work, you deserve to have your Bones broke, therefore e'en rest your Heart contented, and ne'er expect the offer of a Salary from them. But why I must be a *Jacobite* for loving *William Penn*, and other Friends, as you insinuate, any more than your self for admiring the Ingenious Author of *The Snake in the Grass*, p. 4. if you please to make our Ingeniously, *Eris mihi magnus Apollo*. And pray Good-man-Goose, what if never an one of these be true? For I perceive you know me nor my Circumstances no better than your *Scotch Friend*, who represented me as a *Counterfeit*, one of that Gang and Sort of *Amichristian Quakers*: And I dare say, neither of you will find out who I am, this *Moan*.

And now, *Beloved*, out comes the *Murder*. The Reverend *Trepidantium Mallem* had like to have had his Pulpit hammered about his Ears. A poor Predicant, that had either a Crucifix on his Breast, or else no Shirt on his Back, opposed the Gentleman, gaping it seems with open Mouth at a Donative he then had, Query, *W. C. was it you?* p. 5, and 6. I Answer, A parlous Fellow I'll warrant him, but indeed Sir, I don't remember any thing of it, if it was when you took up your Habitation at *Box* in your private Apartment there, while you were under a Course of Physick, in order to restore you to your Senses (your Senses shall I say? Why truly I doubt Mr. *Doffor* laboured in vain then). Consult your Fellow Collegiates, I have not been so happy as to be Conversant with you, either then, before, or since. But what must we be Brethren still? Good morrow good Brother *Weather-cock*, pray Sir one word with you before we part, Did you put on your Surplice and Read Divine Service, at your Cure near *Bristol*? If not, what in the Name of Goodness, did you do there? If so, what became of your *Directory* in the mean time? However, a little compliance for a Country Benefice rarely choaks any of your Coat, all the Craft's incatching; but that's a *Wicked Cheat* by your leave, and so there's your own Complements returned you again. And so in your next you may Subscribe your self *W. C.* too, for *Weather-Cock*, or *Wicked Cheat*.

Well, p. 7. *W. C.* is very Magisterially Examined what he hath done with his Books: Mr. *Mallem* it seems, is ready to think that he has Sold or Pawned all but his *Dictionary* and *Cato*. Indeed Sir, you had good reason to know that I had not parted with them, for I made some use of them in my late Letters, but you in pleading for Mr. *Keith*, have been pleased to jump over all my Arguments, deduced from my *Dictionaries*, to prove him an *Apostate*, as lightly as you would over so many Straws, with the slight Character of *Pedantic Stuff*, if so, then say I the more fit for such a *Pedant* to Answer. But you forgot one Book which I have by me still, and that is the *Greek Testament*, you take no notice of that either, though I thereby proved, that something else besides turning from sound

Doctrine to Damnable Errours, is Apostasy, though you won't allow it, Rep. p. 9. Therefore since you take no more notice of my Arguments urged in my Second Letter upon that Head, I shall e'en drop your silly Cants, whereby you endeavour by Idle Comparisons, either to bring him in more Company, or else clear him of that Imputation; only thus much I must tell you, They are all short of the Matter proposed, and only manifest the Insipid Dulness of the Author. Moreover, I must tell you, Mr. Examiner, I have more Books left still, than you have Sence to make good use of; Grave Care, it seems, suits not your Humour, I doubt you have Studied *Ovid* too much, especially his Books *De Arte Amandi*; be Ingenious, Sir, was it not that which occasioned your Quondam Solitary Retirement, when with him you might Experimentally say,

Quo me fixit Amor, quo me violentius ussit.

And likewise,

Hec mihi, quod Amor non sit medicabilis herbia.

And when being in as bad a Condition of Mind, as *Ovid* was of Body, when he had like to have been Shipwrackt (if you had then had so much Sence left as to have remembered it) might with him in his *Tristibus* have Exclaimed thus,

*Me Miserrum, quanti montes voluuntur aquarum,
Jam jam caecuturos sidera summa putes.
Quanta diducto subsident aquore valles,
Jam jam caecuturos tartura nigra putes.*

I hereby suppose you to be something of a Scholar, some small *Latin-Aff* or other, I wish my Opinion of you be not undeserved, for many prate of what they do not understand, and are apt to object that to others which is their own defect, and then perhaps you may want Mr. Keith's help to Construe these Verses for you, as much as you would suppose me to do those you have posed me with in your p. 10. for truly just now I begin to doubt you quote by rote, and probably may be as Ignorant of the Interpretation of them, as you would represent me to be, and so measure my Corn by your own Bushel, if so, take the Advice to your self you there give me: But what do I talk of that for, perhaps he helped you to those, and hath Construed them to you already; then he would do well to assist you farther in Construing these too; and let him likewise inform you what the signification of this Sentence is,

Qui pergit qua vult dicere, ea qua non vult audire.

You say, p. 19. "Mr. Keish hath in more Books than one, renounced with shame and sorrows, what he once wrote against, *Baptism*, the Lord's Supper, &c. But pray Sir how far doth his shame and sorrow extend? viz. to his Misapplication of *Mat.* 28. 29. and *1 Cor.* 11. 26. and the weak Arguments used by them called Friends and himself, to persuade and draw away the Minds of People from the true Sense of these places of Scripture, *The Antichrists and Sadducees*, &c. p. 35. His shame and sorrow proceeds not from his and the Quakers disuse of these Sacraments, and persuading other Christians to the disuse of them too, as empty Shadows and Shells, without the Lord's Spirit and Power accompany them who use them; for there he is still *ibid.* You proceed, "Yet Water-Baptism is no Fundamental of Religion. How Sir? Pray peruse your own *Confession of Faith* once more: Is not that *Sign* and *Seal* of the Covenant of Absolute Necessity to the completing of the Covenant, and rendering it Effectual, therefore *Fundamental*? Nay your self say 'tis called *Hebrews* 6. the *Foundation*; then pray shew me a Foundation not Fundamental: I perceive you know not what is Fundamental from what is not, therefore certainly you want to be instructed, as much as if your self were still a *Catechumen*, notwithstanding you have sometimes presumed to *Disgrace* the Pulpit. Well, since I am upon this Head, I'll here take in another passage relative thereto, in p. 15. wherein you blame me as "inexcusable, for not distinguishing between his [Mr. Keish] Positions and his Queries, and say, His Queries shewed not what he then held, but what he then was thoughtful about, and inclinable to, and "since owns. Then they are *Positions* now I hope, (and were then too by your good leave, as could be easily demonstrated, if need were; but there is no need, since we have only your denial without demonstration) here must consequently be an alteration of his Principles within these 33 Years, for upon that string I must harp still; and I thank you Sir, for Corroborating my Charge: But in the meantime, are not you a Brave Champion for Mr. Keish, think you, thus to give away his Cause?

Now to return to p. 11. where you are at your "Who would have thought, when Mr. Keish so Zealously called on the Pious and Learned Men of the Church of England, to draw forth their Pens against the Quakers, one of this Communion should draw forth his Pen against him "in Favour of them? *Ans.* *Inspientes est dicere non putaram.* Who would have thought it? Who that had any Guts in his Brains would have thought any other, than that some of our Communion would have drawn forth their Pens against him, to keep him out from us, while he remains a Man for no Body, that drives at no Body knows what, against him I say, whom

whom no Body knows where to have ? We are not in such want of Members, as to take him in at any rate ; unless he will come in with a sincere Renunciation of his former Errours (which he has never done yet) by my Consent he shall stay out. But why must I be represented as an *Advocate* for the Quakers, shew me but one passage wherein I Vindicate their Doctrines, and I'll be your *Humble Servant*, good Mr. *Malless*.

P. 12. You say, "Why had you not applied your self privately to "Mr. Keirb—— had you really designed his farther Conviction or Reformation ? I *Answer*, for his farther Conviction and Reformation (as in Duty bound) I heartily pray ; but I am afraid he has had too much of *Private Application* already, I doubt he thereby is induced to think himself so considerable, as that may be one occasion he still remains so obstinate as he does, and comes no nearer us, perhaps thinking to make better Terms for himself, than will be consistent with the Honour of our Church or yours either to admit : Therefore I believe, if he ever become a profitable Member to either, he must be ashamed out of his Double-dealing, and playing fast and loose, and that must be in a *Publick* way of Application, by your good leave.

What you mention, p. 13. of Transactions at *Aberdeen*, I know more than he or you either are aware of, or are like to be, 'till I see farther occasion. And for his *Disputing by himself*, all present that Day at *Turner-Hall* know it as well as I: Only this by the way, I must confess, when I came thither I apprehended he would have made more Work of it, than I found he did ; and that's more than I told him before ; pick a hole in that too if you please, and see if you can make a better Application than I did of *1 Kings 18. 27*.

You tell us in p. 14. of "Mr. Keirb's Living in *Scotland*, and Studying the Fathers ; you say, he read not all those Books of *Penn or Noddy* head he now Censures. Then it seems he read some of them before Censures, but I presume you might likewise have said, He read them not then with any intent to Censure them, because, say I, he was then of the same Mind himself. For let me tell you, Sir, a Man of Mr. Keirb's Learning and Capacity could not have had his Brains so Occupied with Studying the Fathers, as to overlook those Errours so far as to Defend some of those very Books in his former Tracts, he hath since produced against the Authors, if himself had not then held them, and been deeply drench'd in them too. Therefore this is but an Equivocation and Collusion of yours, to cloak his Hypocrisie, in pretending to have been all along these 33 Years, one and the same Orthodox Man, whereas he has been nothing less.

You ask, "Is it a Contradiction to say, an unbelieving Jew is no Christian, yet a believing one in *Moses's* time was a Christian ? I *Answer*, That

That is not the Question; and if your Eyes were your own, not borrow'd of Mr. *Keith*, or dazzled upon your coming out of your late dark Confinement into the open Light, you might see the stress of the Contradiction don't lye there. Therefore I ask you, Whether it be a Contradiction or no, to assert at one time, that "Faith in the Man Christ is universally necessary to make Men true Christians; and at another time, that "True Religion and Christianity may subsist, without the History of Christ in the Letter, to wit, in the Mystery of the Life of Christ in the Spirit. 'Tis there I *clinched* it before, and 'tis there I now *rires* it; and since you are so good at reconciling Contradictions, reconcile these two Quotations if you can.

You Query, p. 15. "Is there no reason for a Man to go from one Party to another, but for an Errour in Fundamentals? I Answer by way of Retortion, In as much as you declare your self so to value *Men of Sense*, Consult such of your own Fraternity, and if they will give it under their Hands, that Mr. *Keith* did well, (or were excusable) in forsaking the Communion of the *Presbyterian* Church, and thus angrily becoming their Antagonist, as appears by several Printed Books against them (with respect to *Doctrine*, *Call to the Ministry*, *Maintenance*, *taking the Covenant*, &c.) while not erring in *Fundamentals*, I shall be better satisfied what Answer to return. But Sir, I thought you would at least have pretended to have given some Learned Arguments in Confutation of my Question you quote, *viz.* "If the *Presbyterians* erred not in Fundamentals, why forsook he them? Whereas instead of that, you slyly slide away with a "Your Question deserves Contempt, not an Answer, *ibid.* Ay Marry Sir, why did you not Answer my whole Book so, and so have made short work on't? This I should have called *Pedantick Stuff*, (a Phrase of your own) in any Man living but your self, to whose Works I pay such Veneration you see, that I dare not presume to be so bold with you. But why did you meddle with it at all? Was it to shew your Brains are still unsettled? If so, you have your end answered, and so good Night Fundamentals; Mr. *Mallet* has no further occasion for you at present.

You have another sling at me, *ibid.* alledging, I "cry to him [Mr. *Keith*] come to the Church of England (very coldly) or return to "your Abdicated Principles, &c. (very warmly) for which I can conceive no ground you had, but the Maggot (I will not say in your Brains, for a Reason already given, but) in your own Skull: Yet to be plain with you, I think our Church hath Cause, not to lay Hands too suddenly on such an unstable Man, 'till he hath brought forth Fruits meet for Repentance.

Now Mr. *Mallet*, I am come to your 16th page; you begin with this Question, "When Mr. *Keith* replied to your first Paper, why had you "not Answered before you began on to a new Charge? Why Goodman

Woodcock, 'twas no *Reply*, 'twas only a *Summons* to *Turner's-Hall* with the Heads of the Charge pinn'd to it, which I was to plead to when I came there, and can you make no difference between one and t'other? Mr. *Keith* himself knows better, for he will not venture to call it a *Reply*, but only an *Advertisment*. However to that, such as it was, call it what you will, I gave as large a *Reply* as it deserved, if not a larger, and if you shut your Eyes when you came to it, because you would not see it, I can't help that. Besides, Sir, 'twas no new Charge rightly considered, but the old one reinforced with fresh Evidence, laid a little more home, with the addition of the Title due to the Criminal, to manifest him to be *Non rectus in Curia*, and while Chargeable on that Score himself, unfit to Impeach others, (however Impeachable) 'till himself had Recanted, and given due Satisfaction to the Protestant Churches offended. However, to gratifie wiser Men than your self, if you can prevail with Mr. *Keith* (instead of setting such a Tool as you a work) to go thorough-stitch with my Citations himself, both in my First and Second Letters, God forgive me, if I shun the Debate, and do as you do, *Start new Games that the scent of the old may be lost*; and so much for that, and enough of Conscience too, 'till something be offered to shew they were not Applicable, a thing as yet unattempted by your self, or your *Client* (shall I say, or rather *Tutor*?) either.

Now for *Allegorizing*, shew me wherein Mr. *Keith's* Antagonist, Mr. *Whitehead*, is guilty of Allegorizing Christ's Birth, Death and Resurrection, so far as thereby to be Culpable of rejecting the Literal Sence (the Terms of your Accusation) and I will then acknowledge, that Mr. *Keith* hath the Whip-hand of him in that respect. But 'till then, pray Sir give me leave (or else I shall take leave) to be of the Opinion still, that Mr. *Keith* hath been as deeply dipt in Allegorizing, as ever Mr. *Whitehead* was.

You seem to be offended at my Quotations out of the *Assemblies Confession of Faith*, and say, p. 16. "We must be told the words at large, and all to prove nothing. How *nothing*? Pray rub your Eyes, and look on it again, for I perceive you cannot see clear yet. And then why so Angry for my Citing the words at large, surely Sir you are not ashamed of your Confession of Faith, are you? Why not *at large*? Can a Man have too much of a good thing? Why truly Sir I did not imagine that that Book contained the *Arcana* of your Church, and that 'twas unlawful for any but *Babes of Grace*, so much as to peep into't, since 'tis to be had at the Bookseller's Shop by any one that will deposite good White: If you had been resolved to have kept it to your selves only, you should have strictly charged him, not upon any Account to have Sold it to any but your own Saints and Elect. But what have your Ministers been doing all this while? What! Will not so many times licking it, yet bring it into shape, fit to

be seen by the *Reprobate* World? And is it for my presuming to expose those Citations that I am so frequently *Sacianiz'd*, *Arminianiz'd*, *Laud'd* and *Rigist'd*; well, be it so, 'tis all one for that; but let me tell you, Sir, *a Fool's bolt is soon shot*, and the *Host* tells us how we may know a Fool, viz

Ex verbis famos, ex aure reuocamus asellos.

Yet now I think on't I'll humour you for once, and not use it, and tell you once for all, I am neither *Sacianiz'd*, *Arminianiz'd*, *Laudensianiz'd*, nor yet *Rigid Predestinarianiz'd*, and yet a *Church-man*.

I am now come to your gross Reflections upon the *Church of England*, which you begin at p. 16. and continue to p. 28. such a Mass of Rambling Rallery, as is fit for none but an Envious Stingy Blockhead to Vomit out: Your in and out, round about, tittle tattle Tales of a Tub, deserve nothing but the Scorn of a Man, that hath but one Grain of Sence left in his Brains; for whatsoever your lame hints point at (for you manage nothing to the purpose) have been so often Canvassed by Men of more Learning and Parts on both sides, than either you or I, or twenty more such as we, can without blushing (or what is worse, a Brazen Face) pretend to, that 'tis needless for me to concern my self about it, and so I shall leave you to Scold by your self, without taking notice of above one passage in almost ~~10~~ ¹² pages, which you shall hear of by and by. But give me leave to tell you before I go any farther, that 'tis all so like the *Welsh Letter* you were some time since pleased to Honour the World with, that a Man may with good Reason suppose, one Author Penned them both. Besides, Mr. *Mallam*, methinks you are not a little Saucy, thus to Abuse the Establish'd Church with your Scurrility, and more ungrateful, if you do but consider, that 'twas to the Members of her Communion, you stand Indebted for the Sun-shine of the Toleration you now Enjoy, which hath brought you and your Brethren out of your *Lurking Holes* (where you skulk'd like a Snail in the Shell, and durst not shew your Heads) into the open Air, where you begin to crawl about as thick as the Frogs in *Egypt*, so that a Man can hardly stir, either in City or Country, but he shall be dim'd with the noise of your croaking. 'Twas to Gentlemen of our Church, Sir, you are engaged, for delivering you from the Thralldom of Preaching in fear to small Congregations in upper Rooms; (are those the Synagogues you speak of that were never Consecrated) with Napkins and Plates spread, as if you had been only saying *Grace*, and other sneaking Practices some of your Fraternity were guilty of, and restoring you by an *Act of Indulgence* to the use of your *TUBS* again; and is this all the grateful Acknowledgments you can afford our Church for her Goodness and Clemency? Well, I'll give you no farther hard Names, than *Ungrateful Wretch* as you are; for

Si ingratum dixeris, omnia dixeris.

Now for the passage I told you of before, 'tis in p. 26. wherein you brand the Church of England with *Persecution and Cruelty*. How Sir! A *Presbyterian* exclaim against *Persecution and Cruelty*; why Man, 'tis just as if a *Bully* coming late at Night out of a Tavern reeling Ripe, should call out *Drunken Rogues*; is it not the very *Darling* of the Covenant? I'll wave your fore-past Actions Forty or Fifty Years ago in this Nation, neither will I take so long a Voyage as *New-England*, to fetch Instances from thence; I'll only take a small trip to *Scotland*, and enquire how the *Presbyterian Kirk* of that Kingdom, has Behaved her self since the Late Revolution. Hath she (over-passing the dire things threatned to the Quakers) extended abundance of good Nature towards the *Poor Episcopal Ministers* of that Nation? Hath she not put them to the easie Choice, either of Conforming contrary to their Consciences, Starving at Home, or else leaving their Country for a Maintenance? What Place have His Majesties Exhortations to Moderation had with that *Rigid Kirk*? Hath he not had Cause to say with Good King *David*, 2 Sam. 3. 39. *These Men, the Sons of Zerujah, (alias, the General Assembly) be too hard for me?* But, what more could be expected of that *Kirk*, who laid her Foundation in *Rebellion*? Whose first Establishers *Built up their Zion with Blood, and their Jerusalem with Iniquity*, Mic. 3. 10. I could say a great deal more, but that I am loth to rake into Sores either *old or new*, and could rather wish that they had never been; but since they have been, that all Occasions of Complaint may be removed for the time to come, and what is past, forgotten: Neither should they have been mentioned now, but as a just Lash for your Folly, and therefore you ought to be thankful that I am so favourable.

In p. 28. you seem all on a sudden to be seized with a mighty Fit of Kindness for me; you say, "If *K. James* should return, I suppose Mr. *Keith* must leave his Meeting-house, shall I bespeak it for you? Your Servant thanks you, Sir, but I am ready to suppose Mr. *Keith* may leave his Meeting-house before, unless *K. James* make haste with a Vengeance, for I understand his Auditory thins much, and the Profelites he might have expected from among the Quakers, hang an Arse wretchedly, so that unless some timely Method be taken for a Reinforcement, he seems like to be utterly deserted in a short time. Therefore if you can but muster up an Auditory together, your best way would be to secure it for your self: But then you must resolve not to be too hard with them, in insisting upon too-unreasonable a Salary, lest you meet with the like Fate, as one Mr. *YOUNG* met with at a certain place in the WEST.

Having sufficiently vented your Spleen on the Church, next of all you take the Quakers to task. You think I write favourably of them, but therein

herein you have mist the Mark, and no wonder, for nothing better could be expected from one in your Circumstances, but this (you know) is not the first time you have taken a false aim, and so much for that. Now for your Reflections upon the Quakers, they lean upon as weak a bottom, as the rest, which they may answer if they please; if they will not, I know not how you will help it. You write at so loose a rate, a Man had need Read all the Authors, you mention, before he can satisfy himself whether you say true or no: And when that is done, some of them are of suspected Credit, as Mr. Rogers, Mr. Bugg, and Mr. Pennyman, because well known to have been disgusted with them upon particular Piques; and as for the Author of the *Snake in the Grass*, his lye under the same Exceptions, because Collected out of those Gentleman's Books, and one Mr. Crisp's, a Person under the same Circumstances with the former, and is all one as if we should take the Description of *Presbytery* from Archbishop Landor or Dr. Heylin, or the Character of our Church from Bellarmine, Harding, &c. But what is this to our purpose? Can no Body quarrel with them, but straightway we must vouch for them? Can no Body prove false to them, but he must be our Endeared Friend? Our Church needs no such props, whatever yours doth: Nor dare I trust such too far, by entertaining a strict familiarity with them, of whose Conscience's Dissent there seems so much room to doubt, although I should be heartily glad of sincere Converts to our Church, even from among you.

As to the rough Language (to say no more) you offer as theirs, and which may be theirs for ought I know, is so much like the Language of some of your *Precious Elect Brethren* tumbled out against the Quakers, (of which I could give several Instances if I list, but shall at present only give you the Title of one Book, wherein you may see good store, viz. *Quakerism the Path-way to Paganism*) that I admire with what Forehead a Presbyterian can blame a Quaker for *Railing*, unless 'twere one who has e'en as much, and no more Sence left than your self, who lost yours in a Love-fit.

And so Sir, since you pretended to be so sober at the beginning of those Quotations, p. 28. (though you could not hold it long) here's a sober Answer for you, passing by all your Mad Applications of the Railery you have heaped together, p. 31, 32, 33, as if you had been raking in *Angels*'s Stables to find Dung to bedaub me with, remembering that 'tis not long, since you were in a place not much better, and so no better could be expected of you.

And now, Mr. Malkin, I am come to p. 41. wherein you mention Mr. Keish's Charge against Mr. Penn and Mr. Whitehead, for "denying the Object of Faith, which (say you) our Libeller makes an if of. Well, Goodman Goose, I have given you a rub for Libeller before, so shall not repeat it; but well might I make an if of it, when your Tutor, Mr.

Keith, after all his repeated Charges against them upon that Head, in his *Narrative*, p. 38, 39. clearly acquits them both, as any Man, but a *Mad-man*, or a *Blind-man*, may clearly discern if they list. But good Mr. *Blunderer*, how come you to say, that Mr. *Keith* urged 1 Cor. 1. 2. to prove that Jesus Christ was to be prayed to? If you had not been dosed with the return of one of your old Fits of Love-melancholy, methinks you might have seen, that 'twas Mr. *Whitehead*, and not Mr. *Keith*, that urged it to that purpose, as Mr. *Keith* himself tells us in the place above-cited.

You tell us strange Stories, p. 43, 44. of some Ignorant Persons, whom I suppose you would have thought to be of our Communion, who it seems took the Epistle to K. *James* the First, the Creed and Ten Commandments for Prayers: But I could tell you, Sir, of a *Presbyterian* Minister (I wish he were a *Per se unus*, your own Interpretation of the word *Parson*, p. 28.) who by reason of the great Antipathy he had against set Forms of Prayer, said, *If ever Jesus Christ were Drunk, he believed it was when he made the Lord's Prayer.* Indeed Sir, if (as I will readily grant) the former Persons wanted *Catechizing*, so I must needs tell you, this *Gentleman* wanted it a great deal more, notwithstanding his Function.

But to do you Justice, I find you are none of those; for p. 45, 46. we have your *Worship's* own Learned Verses; and to shew that you can distinguish between the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, we have a distinct set for each, but 'tis such *hobbling, uncouth, balderdash Rhyme-doggerel*, as none but the Author would *expose* in Print, much less *boast* of: On my Conscience, 'tis enough to make a Man spew, to see the most Excellent of Prayers, and the holy *Decalogue*, thus spoiled by so dull a *Blockhead*. This 'tis for such Beetle-brain'd *Poetafters* to set up for Poets, though they are fit for nothing but to make Ballads, because forsooth they once read *Juvenal, Horace, Virgil* and *Ovid*, yet have no Genius that way, nor Brains enough to see their own Folly, before they proclaim it to the World.

Now, Sir, for a small touch at your *Postscript*, and then I shall take my leave: I find you have not so great a Spleen at the Quakers, but you have almost, if not altogether, as much at the *Baxterians*, (as you are pleased to term them :) And to tell you my Mind freely, I think one of them has nickt you, as your self quote him, p. 58. *viz.* " You are fitter for *Bed-lam* than a Pulpit; and so say I too. But you therein do the Quakers (though I presume unwillingly) a great deal of Honour, in comparing their Doctrines and Practices with Mr. *Baxter's*, whom (though I must declare my dissent from him in some things, yet) divers Members of your own Church, as well as divers of ours, Esteemed (and for ought I know deservedly too, for I had no Acquaintance with the *Gentleman*) a Man of Parts, Learning, Sence, and Piety. But what are you who tell the Reader, p. 59. " If I meet with Men of no Sence, I expect some Civility :
" If

"If with Men of no Civility, I expect some Sence; but the want of both "is intolerable. I pray what is become of your *Sence and Civility*, (if either were to be expected from you) in Railing against the Church of *England*, from p. 9, to p. 28. and Mr. *Baxter* and his Friends in your *Postscript*, for my Confronting Mr. *Keith*, when you have rendred me a *Heterogeneous Member*, a poor *Hired Priest*; &c. and my *Dear Brethren* (as you jibingly use the word) of so different Sentiments from me? Must they suffer for my Faults, which they cannot help? Or will you wreck your Spleen against me, upon them you say are so contrary-minded to me? Doth this bespeak you to be a Man of Sence and Civility? Or not rather (what you are) a *Phrenetick*? And an ungrateful Wretch to boot, thus to Abuse that Church to whom you owe the Liberty of perking at this rate (as I have already observed) and your present Advancement from the *Tub* to the *Pulpit*, if your place of *holding forth* deserves that Name? But your Rancour stops not here; forsooth Learned Mr. *Baxter* must be raked out of his Grave, for you to insult over, as if he were the Trophy of your Victory. A Heathen Author (I do not mean *Caro*) hath said, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*: But you are *Heterogeneous* in two respects; *First*, in Reflecting on him, being *Dead*, whom many (if not the most) of your Church, spake well of while *Living*: And *Secondly*, in Reflecting on him at all, when unable to Answer for himself. And yet a Man of *Sence and Civility* all this while, I trow. But

Facile res invidia est, & ipsi interdum Auctores perniciosi.

Well, to sum up the Matter in short, when you can get any Man of Sence to write for you, whether with or without Pay is alike to me, I expect a more thorough Answer to my Two Books; and that Mr. *Keith*, or some Body for him, either Reconcile the Contradictions I have set before him, Defend them as Coherent and Self-consistent, or publish a Recantation of those Passages, which upon mature deliberation he cannot justify: What falls short of this, being meer Trifling, not Answering. Till then I toss off all your Rambling, PHRENETICK Discourse with slight and disdain, as knowing how to Employ my self better, than to turn Scavenger to the Disgorgings of your Distempered Head and Foul Stomach, so widely remote from the Controversie depending. And so with a good kick of the —, I send you packing, with this RE-PRIMAND,

Ex me discas, quid ingenui homines ferre non possunt.

And

And now for a Conclusion, I will leave my worthy Author, late of *Brix*, now near *Bedlam*, and turn my Discourse to those Gentlemen who may chance to be my Readers: What think you, Sirs? Am not I almost as mad as my Antagonist, to spend so much time in Answering such Rambling Stuff, and presuming thus far upon your patience? But Good, Gentle, Courteous Readers, or whatever other sweetening *Epithets* you please, pray put in your selves, excuse and pardon me this one bout, and unless Mr. *Mallet* write more Sence for the time to come, you need not fear being troubled with so long a Scrawl again, from

Your Humble Servant,

W. C.

F I N I S